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A

L A Y E

CONCERNING

Y E G R E A T E G O E :

WRITTEN IN THE YEARE OF GRACE MDCCCLV.

BY

A Member of the Unibersity.




OXFORD :

Slatter and Rose, Booksellers, High Street ;  
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# A Laye concerning ye Greate Goe.

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 DOLPHUS SMALLS, of Boniface,  
By the nine Gods he swore  
That, as he had been ploughed three  
times,  
He would be ploughed no more.

## II.

By the nine Gods he swore it,  
And put on coaches three ;  
And many a live-long night he read,  
With sported oak and towelled head,  
To get him his degree.



III.

Now every Hall and College  
Has seen the awful list  
Of candidates to pass their Greats  
Who Smalls so oft have missed.  
Shame on the Undergraduate  
Who trembles for a plough,  
When even Smalls, of Boniface,  
Expects that he'll get through.

IV.

Now towards the Schools the gownsmen  
Are pacing one and all,  
From many a classic College,  
From many an humble Hall,  
From many a lonely lodging,  
Which, hid in a distant street,  
From *Dons* and *Duns* to Oxford's sons  
Affords a safe retreat :

V.

From legendary Christ Church,  
Where booms the far-famed bell,  
Reared by the hand of Wolsey—  
But when, I cannot tell :  
From classic Quads of Balliol,  
Where third-floor men descry  
The smoky roofs of Worcester  
Fringing the western sky :

VI.

From the proud halls of Brasenose,  
Queen of the Isis wave,  
Who trains her crew on beef and beer,  
Competitors to brave :  
From Pembroke, where the class-men  
Are few and far between ;  
From New Inn Hall, where such a thing  
Has never yet been seen.



VII.

And thickly and more thickly  
Towards the five-order gates,  
In cap and gown, flock through the town  
White-chokered candidates.  
Slasher, of Christ Church, ne'er before  
In academics seen ;  
And Nobby, of the collars high,  
Girt with the scarf none else may tie ;  
Loud trowser'd Boozer, stripes and all,  
And whisker'd Tomkins, from the Hall  
Of seedy Magdalene.

VIII.

There be four select Examiners  
The Classes to decide,  
And three by turn and turn about  
Are sitting side by side.

Morning and eve the trio  
Have turned the papers o'er,  
Where gownsmen write in black and white  
Such questions as they floor.

IX.

Then Mr. Smalls, of Boniface,  
Stood up his fate to meet ;  
Well known was he to all the three,  
And they bade him take a seat.  
Men said that he strange answers made  
In his Divinity,  
And that strange words were in his prose—  
Canine to a degree :

X.

But they called his Viva Voce fair,  
And they said his books would do,  
And native cheek where facts were weak  
Got Smalls in triumph through.

So they gave him the testamur  
That was a passman's right,  
He was more than three Examiners  
Could plough from morn to night.

XI.

And in each Oxford College,  
In the dreary April days,  
When Undergraduates fresh from hall  
Are gathering round the blaze ;  
When crusted port is opened,  
And the moderator lit,  
When the weed glows red in the freshman's  
    mouth,  
And makes him turn to spit ;

XII.

When goes unlimited are forced  
On some unhappy gull,

A Page concerning ye Greate Goe.

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When victims, doomed to mull their pass,  
Unconscious pass the mull,  
With chaffing and with laughing  
They still the tale renew,  
How Smalls, of Boniface, went in,  
And actually got through.















